## GUILDERO

## \*OUIDA\*

Author of "Under Two Flags," "Two Little Wooden Shoes," "Chandos," "Don Gesualdo," Etc.

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[SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS,] Chapters I and II-Evelyn Herbert, Lord Guilderoy, owner of Ladysrood, an ancestral home of beauty and wealth, is visiting his domain. His sister, Lady Sunbury, a woman of great strength of character and will, chides her brother for his listless apathy, and urges him to exert himself in the cause of the state and his country.

CHAPTER III.

66 E really ought to make some marriage," thought Lady Sunbury, when she had left him, decorated and furnished as they had been in George the Second's time, and with their ceilings and panels and mantel-

"He really ought to marry," she thought; "it makes me wretched to think that he should go on like this."

pieces painted by the Watteau school.

And yet, what woman living would have seemed to Lady Sunbury to be the equal

She would have been sure that a Venus was a dunce, a Pallas a blue, a Penelope a fool, a Helen a wanton, and an Antigone a fright. All the graces, all the muses, and all the saints rolled into one would have seemed to her either a dowdy or an ecervelee, either a humdrum nobody or a portentous jade, if such an one had been called Lady Guilderoy. She had a most ardent and honest desire to see her brother married, and yet she felt that his marriage would be quite intolerable to her. For a person who prided herself on her ings was an irritation.

"I should hate her. I could not help hating her," she mused as she walked through the drawing-rooms. "But I should fond of the children.'

Nothing, however, she knew, could be further from her brother's intentions than to give her either the woman to hate or the children to adore.

He had seen all the most charming marriageable women of Europe, and he had taken none of them. So far as his life was pledged at all it was given to a woman whom he could not marry.

Guilderoy, left to himself, glanced at his neglected essay lying on the writing table. "What is the use of saying these things?" he thought. "Everything has been said already in the Lysis. We keep repeating it with variations of our own, and we think our imitations are novelty and wisdom."

He threw the written sheets between the pages of a blotting-book, and took up forendon. It was from the lady of whom his sister did not approve.

It was an impassioned letter. Now, when a man is himself in love such letters are delightful, but when his own passion is waning they are apt to be

"How much of it is love?" he thought. "And how much love of proprietorship, jealousy of possible opponents, pleasure in a flattering affiche? God forgive me! I have not the smallest right to be exacting in such matters or hypercritical, and yet it takes so much more to satisfy me than I have ever got in these things.'

He was conscious of his ingratitude. After ail, agreat many women had loved him greatly, and had given him all they | day." had to give; and if the quality of their love had not been equal to some vague ex- | said Lord Aubrey. aggerated impossible ideal which floated

single line from the same hand had been worn next his heart for days after it had

a pas lents; mais elle vient."

The letter asked him to spend the winter in Naples. He usually spent the | to the whole country. winter somewhere in the south, but a vague dislike to the south rose in him be-

regarded as a right weakened his desire | cold winds?" to go. Like all high-mettled animals, he turned restive when he felt the pressure of the curb. With the reins floating loose on his neck he followed docilely. "If I do go," he thought, "I shall have all my days mapped out for me; I shall be worried if I look at another woman; I shall be told fifty times a week that I am heartless. Perhaps I am heartless, but I think not; and even if one is, to be told

so perpetually does not make one's heart Was he heartless? He thought not; and in this respect he knew his own temperament. He was even more tender-hearted than most men; but he had been spoiled and caressed by fortune, and habitual self-indulgence had made him apt to consider himself with an

tism than habit. He had done some things which were unselfish and generous in an unusual degree; but they had been great things in which the indolence and fastidiousness of his character had been banished by new and strong emotions. In ordinary matters he was selfish without being the least

aware of it, as indeed happens with the majority of people.

When the letter was burnt he went to one of the windows and looked out. The day was closing in, and the shadows were taking the colors from the autumnal flowers and making the woods beyond look black and forbidding, while a few red leaves were being driven along the terrace under a breeze which had suddenly risen and blew fresh from the sea. A winter here would be unendurable, he thought. It was very many winters since he had seen Ladysrood in the winter months. None of the sports of winter were agreeable to him, and he did not care for house parties, which required an amount of attention and observhis temperament. He usually me here only when he wished for

tire solitude, and the gentry of his mediately. nty sighed in vain for the various en-

great house would doubtless have been | in pleasure.

dedicated. But he saw no necessity to dedicate it. Ladysrood was much isolated, being surrounded on three sides with A quel bon! One cannot help thinking moorland and on the other side shut in that now and then. I dare say a man of by the sea, and though his distant neigh- absolute genius does not have that doubt, bors would willingly have driven twenty | but when one is a very ordinary personmiles to him, he gave them no invitation or permission to do so. The great fetes | might as well have enjoyed oneself and which had celebrated his majority some let the nation alone."

fifteen or sixteen years before had been "You are too mo the last time in which the reception-rooms

had been illuminated for a great party. charming; but his county saw only the caprice and none of the charm, and of England and of the aristocracy of Enthought him rude, eccentric and misan- gland. thropical. In his father's and forefather's time the hospitalities of Ladysrood had been profuse and magnificent; the closing of its doors was an affront to the whole which the good sense of Lady Sunbury

had in vain often protested. "I have no desire to be popular, and took her way through the Guilderoy invariably replied. "There is drawing-rooms opening one out | nothing on earth so vulgar as the craze of another in a succession of rooms, all for popularity which nowadays makes pable has been in pretending to agree people who ought to know better only anxious to be fawned upon by the crowd."
"'Vox populi vox Dei,'" said Lady

Sunbury. "It always was in the esteem of the vulgar themselves," replied her brother. "Myself, I wholly decline to believe that the gods ever speak through the throats of any mob.'

"Can you call your own country people a mob? "Oh, yes. A well-dressed mob, but a

great gate I shall go out by the garden they may be so, though they are not do door." And they never were let into Ladys-

men dined with him occasionally, that

was all. It was not wonderful that his neighbors thought Lady Sunbury would have been better in his place. When he looked out on to the terrace now and saw the little red leaves blow- India, pay their operatives by the tally ing, he rang and ordered his horse. He was fond of riding in the dusk for an hour or two before dinner. But as he they have been ten days at sea. Honor is

was about to mount his horse he heard consistency the inconsistency of her feelnue which led to the western door of the house, a petite entree only used by intimate and privileged persons. "Who can it be?" Guilderov wondered always be just to her, and I should be very to himself, for no one then in the country, to his own knowledge, was on sufficiently friendly terms with him to come thither

uninvited. A moment later he caught sight of the invader, and with pleasure and astonishment recognized his cousin, Lord Aubrey. A few moments later he welcomed him

at the west door. "My dear Francis, how glad I am!" he said with perfect sincerity. "To what good chance do we owe this happy sur-

"If you bestowed a little attention on the politics of your own county," replied Lord Aubrey, "you would know that I had to attend a meeting in your own town yesterday. I heard you were here, and I did not like to be so near Ladysrood witha letter lying under them and read it out passing a night with you. If I had known sooner the date of the meeting I would have sent you word, but it was made a week earlier than I expected at the eleventh hour."

"I am delighted to see you, and there could be never the slightest occasion to let me know beforehand. Ladysrood is yours whether I am in it or not. Would you ike to go direct to your rooms, and I will take you to Hilda afterward?"

"With pleasure," said Lord Aubrey, "I am hoarse, dusty and stupid, for I have been declaiming for three hours on policy to some five thousand people, of whom four thousand probably would spell police with an s, if they could speil it at all."

"Spelling is a prejudice, like a love for ground leases," said Guilderoy. "Come and have a bath and forget demos for a

"You continue to forget him always,"

Francis de Lisle, Lord Aubrey, was a before his fancy, it had not been their cousin-german of Guilderoy's, and some that you have an immense income, which fault probably; much more probably his few years older than himself. He was a you don't earn, and that you spend it tall man, with an air of great distinction He lit a match and burnt the letter, and | and an expression at once melancholy and remembered with a pang the time when a amused, cynical and good-humored. He to make such remarks; I only say that carried his great height somewhat list-lessly and indolently, and his gray eyes "Let them make the were half veiled by sleepy eyelids, from "Why do our feelings only remain such | which they could, however, flash glances a very little time at that stage?" he mused; which searched the inmost souls of others. and he wondered if the wood-dove in the He was heir to a marquisate, and had cedar tree knew these varying and gradual | dedicated his whole life to what he conchanges from ardor to indifference. He | sidered to be the obligations of his station. was not actually indifferent. He felt that | He did not like public life, but he folto become indifferent was a possibility, lowed it with conscientiousness and selfand when this is felt indifference itself is sacrifice. He was not a man of genius, but never far off we may be sure. "Elle vient | he had the power of moving and controlling other men, and his absolute sincerity | bore myself with public life. It does bore of character and of utterance was known

"How is your sister?" he asked now, as he came to the tearoom. "And what are you going to do in the west of England in The sense that his precence there was autumn, you who hate grey skies and

> "I am delighted to be in the west of with you," said Guilderoy with perfect talk about any disinterestedness in truth, for he liked and admired his cousin. He had, indeed, a warmer feeling toward Lord Aubrey than Aubrey had for him. are a manufacture into which he dolence and become excessively occupied of contemplation and pleasure; to Lord | mass of our nation be led by false guides, friendly regard for the egotist.

"You have much more talent than I have," he said once to his cousin, "and yet your voice is never heard by the coununconsciousness which made it less egotry;" and Guilderov gave him much the same reasons for his silence which he had

given to his sister. "You believe in a great many things and you care about others," he added. "Now. I do not believe, and I do not care. Talent, even if I possess it-which I doubt- blame. That is the feeling which has can not replace the forces which come

"Here is your model hero; the one per- one's light." fect person endowed with all the virtues and moral conscientiousness in which I am so sadly deficient," said Guilderoy to his sister, as he entered her presence with his cousin as the sun descended over the

western woods. "I admit that I wish your life were more like his; you would probably be happier and certainly more useful," said Lady Sunbury, as she welcomed Aubrev with more cordiality than she showed to most

"I am by no means sure," said Aubrey, "that when one does choose Pallas one is always right in the choice, if Hercules were; and if one is as intolerant of being bored as Evelyn is, it is no kind of use to It has become so hopelessly vulgar!" take her; a divorce would be sued for im-

"You do not regret your choice, surely?" ate the higher minds from it more and inments, the balls, the dinners, and said Hilda Sunbury, in some surprise. more, and send them instead to their hunting breakfasts, to which, had Aubrey always seemed to her to be as bookcases and their inkstands. I confess said Hilda Sunbury, in some surprise. more, and send them instead to their name."

Guilderoy been like any one else, the absorbed in public life as other men are

"I did not say that I regretted," he reage one must feel now and then that one

"You are too modest; your example alone is of the most infinite benefit. There is something so noble in a man who has He was an idol of the great world, which | nothing to gain and everything to lose dealways considered him capricious but voting himself to political life. It is those sacrifices which have made the strength

Aubrey smiled a little sadly: "We shall not last very long, do whatever we

of its doors was an affront to the whole "I do not believe the principle of aris-country-side, against the unpopularity of tocracy will ever die out," said Lady Sunbury, resolutely. "It is rooted in human nature and in nature itself. All governments drift toward it whatever they call themselves. Even savage tribes have a chief. Where our party has been so culwith those who deny this. Toryism should have the courage of its opinions." "Certainly the first virtue of an aristoc-

racy should be courage," said her cousin.

"An aristocracy is nothing without it. A democracy in England would have sent a humbie deputation and the keys of the Cinque Ports to Napoleon after Austerlitz. What stood against him and prevailed against him were the valor and the stubborn patriotism of the English nobility. Aristocratic governments are often faulty; mob decidedly. If you let them in by the | they may be arrogant, illiberal, prejudice; in them which no democracy ever rood, infinitely to their disgust. A few possesses; they have honor. A democracy cannot understand honor; how should it? The caucus is chiefly made up of men who sand their sugar, put alum in their bread, forge bayonets and girders which bend like willow wands, send had calico to shop, and insure vessels at Lloyd's which they know will go to the bottom before an idealic and impersonal thing; it can only exist in men who have inherited its roy. traditions and have learned to rate it

higher than all material success.' 'I quite agree with you," said Guilderoy. "Unless we honestly believe that we are the natural leaders of the nation by virtue of the honor which we uphold and represent, we have no business to attempt to lead it, and we ought not to conceal or to disayow that we have that belief in ourselves. Lord Salisbury has been often accused of arrogance; people have never seen that what they mistook for arrogance was the natural, candid consciousness of a great noble that he is more capable of leading the country than most of the men composing it would be. If a man have not that belief in himself he has no business to assume command anywhere, cricket field. I have no sort of belief in | they stifle it by captivity in a hothouse, as myself, and therefore I have always let the state roll on without help or hindrance

from me in any way." "You may be a hindrance without knowing it," murmured Aubrey; "a bowlder in a highroad does not move, but sometimes it overturns the carriage as effectually as if it did."

"By which you mean-" "That when the radicals of your county are disposed to point to great landowners who lead their lives to very little purpose except that of their own enjoyment, you, my dear Guilderoy, are conveniently at hand to be pointed at, and to sharpen the

moral of their tale." "It is wholly impossible for them to know what I do with my life," said Guil-

deroy with some anger. "Clearly; but they judge from what lose no time in making your country-side see with their eyes. For aught they can tell, no doubt, you may be visiting prisons like Howard, or capturing slave dhows like Gordon, all the time you are away from England, but they do not think so, and all they tell the county is anywhere sooner than in England. I am not saying that they have any business

"Let them make them and be damned?"

said Guilderoy. "With all my heart," said his cousin. "Only it is not they who ever are damned; it is always the poor, stupid, hungry, gullible crowd, which is led astray by them, and is made to believe that it would mend matters to burn down great houses and cut down old woods. "You are always saying," continued

Lord Aubrey, "that you wonder why I

me endlessly, immeasurably-that I grant: but apart from all other reasons you know, Evelyn, I must confess that men in our position owe it to the country not to leave politics wholly in the hands of professional may be honest, but his honesty is at best Aubrey it appeared the existence of an | who only use them to climb up on their persuading a child to eat poison by telling him that it was honey, we should be as guilty as the intending murderer if we did not strike the cup down and tell the child of the danger it ran. That poor, overgrown, ill-educated child, the people-the

from conviction. Those forces I have I should be uneasy if I did not do it. After all one can only act according to "You are a very conscientious man, my grown child will, however, always prefer

People with a big P-is always having

poison thrust on it under the guise of

honey. If we do not try to show it what

the cup really holds, I think we are to

moved me to endeavor to do what I can.

you who are so careful over its health. "That must be as it may," said Aubrey, "I cannot help the results. Men never know their best friends in public life or private. That instinct is reserved for only be the issue of a unique character." dogs."

"I can well believe that you are indifferent to ingratitude," said Guilderoy, "and I am convinced you are the servant of your conscience. But will you tell me ow you stand the vulgarity of publiclife? "That I grant. And it is just its vul-garity which will, I fear, every year alien-

on a hustings before a general election, I | poetic natures.' have felt myself on no better intellectual political life as he would shun a collier's pot-house. There is too great a tendency to govern the world by noise."
"On the whole I think I have the bet-

ter part," said Guilderoy. "So far as your own ease goes, not a "Evelyn does not admit that there is such

a thing as duty," remarked Lady Sunbury from her tea-table. "I do not like the word duty," said

"What a shocking theory!"

ogy," said Aubrey, "but it may say what it | wide open to it all seasons through. If | but because he has the courage to say so will, it cannot prevent my consciousness | there was anything in human nature Ego which tells me to avoid it. It is noth- men speak of the passions of life as Guilding very great to claim. A dog has it. He eroy spoke of them. "If they are play- taxes. Farmer Piollet revels in high war stealing it; he longs to bite a hand which | to say, "no more than the fireworks on the | hang of them; he pays them on pretty hurts him and abstains from doing so if | Arc de l'Etoile are the flames of the comhe finds the hand is a friend's. I do not | mune. think conscience is exclusively a human | For errors which were the birth of pas-But it is strong enough in me to make me | fancy he had little patience. sensible that I am in a very great measure philosophies on earth will never talk me | ite lament. out of that belief.'

"And the belief has sent you to the house of commons?" "Just so: I admit the bathos-I admit the justice of your implied satire. But I go to the house of commons because, feeling as I feel, I should do violence to my

what I mean otherwise.' "I wish the country had a great many more men who felt like you," said Guilde-

He walked about a few minutes restlessly, then, his sister having left the room, he asked with some abruptness: "You came last week frem Marienbad? Did you see the Duchess Soria?" "Yes, I saw her. She wondered very much not to see you.'

"Did she say so?" "She said so with considerable bitterness. Why were you not there?" "I do not care to do what I am expected to do," replied Guilderoy with some impatience and sullenness. "There can be no pleasure where there is no imprevue; where there is nothing voluntary. Women never understand that. Haif the passions of men die early because they

a child might kill a wild bird." Aubrey looked at him with some amuse-

"You are undoubtally right. Even I, had gope. who have no pretentions to much experience in the soft science, am aware that | you are most undeniably right. But how do you propose to get any woman-and

any woman in love-to understand that?" "I do not even hope it," replied Guilderoy, wearily. "I only remark that the utter inability of women to understand it brings about their own unbappiness much sooner than it would otherwise come to them. If they comprehended that the birds wants fresh air, he would very possibly often return of his own good will to the hot-house."

"And tell the tale of his amours en voyage? My dear Evelyn, the lady would they see; and you may be sure that they have to be as wise as Penelope and as amorous as Calypso to receive him on such terms."

"It would be love; whereas now it is only love of possession.' "You certainly ask a great deal of love, and seem to be inclined to give very

"One can only give what one has. Women reproach us with ceasing to care for them. Is it our fault? We cannot control impulse Aubrey looked at him once more.

"Poor women!" he said, involuntarily. Guilderoy moved impatiently. "There is no doubt of the Duchess' de-

votion to you," added his cousin. "On my honor, I think she suffers a great deal. She has been a coquet, no doubt, but she has never been a coquet with you." "I do not think we ought to speak of her," said Guilderoy. "Certainly not, unless you wish it. You

introduced her name first." "My dear Aubrey," said Guilderoy with some violence, "of all intolerable things on earth a passion which survives on one side and dies on the other is the worst. There is no peace possible in it. You feel like a brute, whilst honestly you are no more to be blamed than the sea is to be politicians. The professional politician | blamed because after high tide its waters recede. No man is accountable for the a questionable quality. The moment that flow and reflow of his own emotions. England since it affords me a quiet day a thing is metier it is wholly absurd to Women speak as though the heart were to be heated at will like a stove or a bath. the pursuit of it. To the pro- Now, of all spontaneous, capricious, fessional politician national affairs changeful and ungovernable things, the passions are the most wayward and the A man who had combated his own in- puts his audacity and his time, and out of least reasonable. Why do you love? You which he expects to make so much per- can not say. Why do you cease to love? who has allowed his indolence and his have no business, because we are lazy and forces of your emotions and desires are unconscionable egotist; and yet he had a shoulders to power. If we found a man is as involuntary as it was to love at all in their guns with bayonets on, and they staid the beginning.

Aubrey smiled a little dubiously. "Excellently reasoned! I should be disposed to admit your arguments, but I doubt very much whether the Duchess Soria would see the force of them.' "You think she was annoyed that I was

not there?" "She was much more than annoved; she was indignant and wounded. That was easy to see. She is not a woman who cares to conceal what she feels. Why were you not there, by the way?" "I dislike everything which is made an

obligation-I told you so. What is feeling

worth if it degenerate into a habit?" dear Aubrey," said Guilderoy, "and I ad-mire if I do not imitate you. The over-ion, unless it is broken off sharply whilst it is still in blossom, a painful fact, but a the deceiver, who tenders it the poison, to fact. Here and there perhaps there is a sentiment strong enough to endure through all the changes of its growth, so that instead of decay it almost reaches perfection; but it is very rare, and can

> "The ideal of love, of course, does so; but it does not exist out of the dreams of Only One Available. boyhood and of poets," answered Guilderoy impatiently. "There is attraction, and there is reaction; and between the two the time is more or less short, according to temperament and circumstances. only one applicant whom I told to call again. But the end is always the same." He seems very bright, and I'm sure you will "What you call attraction I should not

call love. I should give it an uglier "Give it any name you like; it is all

when I have shouted for an hour or two there is. It becomes poetic, however, in FARMERS AND THE TARIFF.

"My nature is absolute prose, so I canlevel than a Cheap John. To be com- not pretend to understand," said Aubrey; pelled "to go on the stump" is a prospect | but although he said so, it was not quite which may fairly make a man who has so sincerely spoken as was his wont. He any refinement or delicacy about himshun | had a vein of romance in his character, beneath the coldness of his exterior and the prosaic nature of his occupations. When he had been quite a boy he had made a secret marriage from pure love. It had lasted a brief space, and had ended ill. The woman for whom he had sacrificed much had been false to him in a gross and brutal intrigue. He had not made his wound public, and she had died not long after his discovery of her infidelity. No one had been aware of this un-Guilderoy. "It is puritanic and illogical. fortunate drama in his life, but it had If we are what science seems to prove, made him at once indifferent to mere automata formed of cells and fibres women, and sympathetic with all now and then a nerve still thrilled under "As shocking as you please. But it is the remembrance of its pain. Love had the only logical outcome of the conclu- little place now in his busy and laborious life, but his estimate of it was higher than "I do not enter the lists with physiol- his cousin's, the doors of whose life stood of an Ego which inclines to evil, and an | which made him irritable, it was to hear

possession, though it may have become sion he had infinite sympathy, but with right to advocate them and brain-clout larger in human than in other animals. | the mere caprices of the senses and the | any president or party that attempts to "He should marry," said Lady Sunbury responsible for my actions, and all the to him of her brother, repeating her favor-

Aubrey laughed.

"Why?" said Lady Sunbury, irritated. "She would have a very agreeable posi-"Oh, no doubt," assented Aubrey.

horribly piggish, but I cannot express | she would not be." "Women are not romantic nowadays," said his cousin, in the tone with which she would have said that women did not

wear patches. as few-ames d'elite now as then," replied Aubrey. "There never can have been | sheets, his 60 per cent. taxed blankets, his | and he erupts in fury as he exclaims: ver many. Why should you want him to marry?" he continued; "you know you taxed mattress, his 35 per cent. taxed bedwould hate a saint if he married her." "I am sure I should be delighted," said Lady Sunbury, and was fully persuaded

that she spoke the truth. Aubrey smiled. He spent that day at Ladysrood, and then took his departure for his own place -Balfrons, in the North. Balfrons was a mighty border castle which had withstood raids and sieges from the days of Hot- his 30 per cent. taxed shoes. He next spur, and it gave its name to the mar- takes up his 50 per cent. taxed tumbler or quisate which he would inherit on the are expected to be eternal. Half the love death of his father, already a very old brush; pours out water from a 60 per cent. whethere in a cabinet or in a camp or in a which women excite they destroy, because man of feeble health, who was but seldom taxed seen by the world.

"I wonder what he would do with his life if he allowed himself to do what he freshing ablutions in free water; brings wishes?" said Guilderoy, when his cousin | the blood to glow in health on his cheeks

"He would never leave Baltrons, and

Virgil," replied Lady Sunbury. "Almost as dreary a paradise as his present purgatory. "That is a matter of taste. You prefer to collect a number of erotic memories

which soon grow as fusty to you as if they were used tea leaves.' "They are at least as amusing as old Italian manuscripts.'

"Not as harmless," said Lady Sunbury. (Continued next week.)

A CAMPAIGN LIE REFUTED. Judge Thurman Did Display the Stars and Stripes During the Encampment,

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 27 .- The following corespondence explains itself. The letter from Mr. Smith is but one of many, and the answer being one to the truth of which thousands of Columbus people, without regard to party, taxed window sash and 93 per cent taxed

FARWELL, Mich., Sept. 24, 1888. Hon. A. G. Thurman, Columbus, O.
DEAR SIR-Inclosed please find statement made in our local paper. It is alleged by soldiers of this place that attended the reunion at Columbus that rou did not display the stars and stripes at your residence, and that it will cost a great many votes. One soldier (democrat) says flags were displayed every day but taken in at night. Please enlighten us as to the facts. Yours truly,

The chipping inclosed states that Judge Thurman did not display the national colors during the G. A. R. encampment, and that his house was the only one in the city not decorated. Allen W. Thurman replied as follows: Convanus, Ohio., Sept. 27, 1888. To M. D. Smith, Treasurer Democratic County Com-

Treasurer democratic county committee

mittee, Farwell, Mich. DEAR SIE-Yours of the 24th inst., inclosing clip-ping from your local paper and making inquiry in regard to statement that no flags were displayed on father's residence during G. A. R. week, is received. The story is absolutely untrue. Every day two large flags were displayed at father's house. Those were taken in at night. Besides this, our office building, which is situated on the line of march of the G. A.R., was completely decorated from one end to the other. A. W. THURMAN.

Free Speech and Free Ballot.

To THE EDITOR-Sir: The republican party, so its speakers and journals say, is in favor of free speech and a free ballot. How long has it been so? When the war began I was a boy, some thirteen years old, but I remember what happened then well. I lived in Greenfield, Hancock county, Indiana. In the year 1862 the republicans stole out of the ballot-box sixty democratic ballots and put in sixty republican is apt to have slight patience with a man centage for his lifetime. I say that we who has allowed his indolence and his have no business, because we are lazy and forces of your emotions and desires are publican county ticket. Then my father was a peep at his 44 per cent. taxed chains, instincts to be the sole controllers of his fastidious, to let the vast mass of the unlife. Guilderoy's existence was a union life. Guilderoy's existence was a union educated and credulous who make up the life. Guilderoy's existence was a union of contemplation and pleasure; to Lord mass of our nation be led by false guides, jars which you can charge at will. Why, and in 1864 they said he shouldn't vote, and about his 30 per cent. taxed harness, puts then, is it a reproach to cease to love? It thirty-six soldiers were brought there, with around the polls part of the day, keeping demoerats from voting. Many of the men kept from voting were old citizens and paid taxes, but they were democrats. I saw tickets taken from democrats and torn up and the men made to leave town. A man by the name of Catt, an old citizen, who had helped to make the county improvements, tried to vote and they nearly beat him to death.

Now the republicans think democrats are too thick for them to impose upon and they jump on the prohibitionists and egg and stone them. But Ben Harrison says that wherever the republicans are in power there every one can speak his sentiments without being mo-W. L. SMOOT.

Nature's Laws a Fraud.

[N. Y. Sun.]

Julian, Ind., Sept. 25.

Miss Spinster (to bird fancier)-"I would like o get a canary bird, sir, that is a fine singer." Bird fancier-"Yes madam; now there is fine a little fellow as I ever I saw." Miss Spinster-"Fellow? Is it masculine, Bird fancier-"Oh, yes; the males only sing."
Miss Spinster (departing in indignation)—"I

think it is a perfect outrage!" [New York Sun.] Husband (who has advertised for a typewriter expert)-"Did many call to-day, my dear, in answer to the advertisement?" Wife-"Yes, quite a number; but there was

Husband-"What was the trouble with the Wife-"They were all young women."

THE HEAVY BURDEN OF WAR TAXES.

Practical, Every-Day Illustrations of the Wo ngs of the Monopoly System-& me Instructive and Very Significant Figures.

Mr. Piollet is a well-known character in Pennsylvania. He is a farmer, a politician, and a picturesque figure in agricultural circles. Recently through the columns of the Philadelphia Times he expressed his dissatisfaction with the Mills bill and defended the existing tariff. In accidentally meeting, we clearly are sorrows of the affections. He never reply to Mr. Piollet the Times, though a wholly irresponsible creatures. Nero is as laughed at those who suffered. His own innocent as St. Francis."

| Protection paper, presents a formidable innocent as St. Francis." | wound had healed, indeed, long ago, but | array of reasons why farmers should favor array of reasons why farmers should favor taxed schoolhouse, his 25 to 35 per a reduction of tariff taxes. Among other | cent. taxed church, and his 25 to 40 per things it says:

We like Farmer Piollet, not so much because he likes high and needless taxes, and to denounce with the eloquence of manliness all who propose to reduce his longs to steal a bone, and he refrains from | things they are not passions," he was wont | taxes. He is used to them; he has got the much everything he needs and consumes; and, if he loves them, who can dispute his lower his taxes? His life would be uneven and jerky if taxes did not fall upon him uniformly in his farm-house and on his farm from cradle to grave, and from "I should certainly pity his wife," he stable to kitchen, dining-room, parlor, chamber, cellar, garret, roof, foundation, field and flock. He wants no sudden breaks in his taxes. He has free water "If and free air and free coffee, and that's conscience not to go to it. That sounds she were satisfied with position. Perhaps about all, but he hopes yet to see them taxed into blissful uniformity with all his other farmer taxes.

> Farmer Piollet's life in enjoying the cent. taxed coffin and 60 per cent. taxed farmers' taxes. He rises in the morning, shroud for the grave. Just then Farmer shakes his farmer's mane in vigor as emerges from his 40 per cent. taxed bed- ruthlessly to reduce the farmers' taxes, 40 per cent. taxed pillows, his 30 per cent. "These infernal politicians can't let us stead, and he lands triumphatly on a 60 per cent. carpet, tacked down with 43 per cent. taxed tacks. He strips off his 40 per cent. taxed night shirt, put on his 60 per cent. taxed underclothing if woolen or 40 per cent. if cotton; follows with his | One of Harrison's Home Supporters In a 40 per cent. taxed shirt, his 60 per cent. taxed pants; his 40 per cent. taxed socks if cotton or 60 per cent. if woolen; mug; applies his 30 per cent. taxed toothpitcher into a 60 per cent. taxed wash-bowl, takes up his 35 per cent. taxed toilet soap to aid his reby a 40 per cent, taxed towel; combs his hair with a 30 per cent. taxed comb; gives would collect early Latin manuscripts of a finishing touch with a 30 per cent. taxed brush. He next turns to his 60 per cent. taxed necktie, if silk, or 40 if cotton or collar stiffened by 94 per cent. taxed starch; adjusts his 35 per cent. taxed suspenders, and if a 30 per cent. taxed button is missing he replaces it with a 30 per cent. taxed pin; he then puts on his 60 per cent. taxed vest; follows with his 60 per cent. taxed coat; supplies it with a 40 per cent. taxed handkerchief, and is then ready to take a survey of himself in his 100 per cent. taxed mirror on his 35 per cent. taxed bureau, when he is ready to emerge from his chamber.

As farmers are ever interested in teh weather, Farmer Piollet will always brush aside his 40 per cent. taxed curtain and take an early look out of his 85 per cent, window glass to see how the free air-and the only thing free that he can see-looks, and promises for the day. If his digestion a 40 per cent. taxed glass; or he may prefer a dose of 189 per cent, taxed castor oil, or a "nip" of 300 per cent. taxed whisky, sweetened with 82 per cent. taxed sugar, mixed with a 50 per cent. taxed spoon. He then takes his 50 per cent. taxed pocket knife to clean his finger-nails, takes up his 54 per cent, taxed wool hat and is ready for a survey of his manor. If he is a prudent observer he takes a survey of his kitchen and inspects his 40 per cent. taxed oil-cloth; his 58 per cent. taxed stove and pans; his 45 per cent. taxed tinware; his 25 per cent. taxed broom; his 35 per cent. taxed buckets; his 45 per cent. taxed jars containing his 113 per cent. rice, his 35 per cent. taxed tables and chairs.

The kitchen inspected, as the fountain of the farmer's health, Farmer Piollet next to show the sort of thing which the high-prosteps out on his 17 per cent. taxed porch floor by opening his 25 per cent. taxed door-latch, airs himself under the protection of his 17 per cent. taxed shingles, and if storm confronts him he wisely takes up his 50 per cent, taxed umbrella and starts for a survey of the farm. He inspects his 35 per cent. taxed wagon, looks to the 54 per cent. shoes on his horses and sees that his 40 per cent, taxed saw, his 63 per cent. taxed files and his 50 per cent. their staple products at Liverpool prices, less his 35 per cent. taxed wheelbarrow in place, and carefully examines his 45 per cent. taxed reapers; his 45 per cent. taxed plow; his 45 per cent. taxed barrows; his 45 per cent. taxed rakes, about which time he pulls out his 35 per cent, taxed watch attached to a 60 per cent. taxed guard, and discovers that it is breakfast

If devotionally inclined, as Farmer Piollet doubtless is, he enters his house, calls his household around him, puts on his 60 per cent, taxed spectacles, takes up his 26 per cent. taxed bible, sits down on his 25 per cent, taxed chair, leans back against his 25 per cent. taxed wallpaper that covers his 20 per cent. taxed lath, lays his bible on a 35 per cent. taxed stand, on which there is a 40 per cent. taxed cover, and proceeds to read the solemn morning lesson. This done he sits down to a 35 per cent. taxed table, covered with a 40 per cent. taxed cloth, laden with 60 per cent. taxed plates and dishes, 40 per cent. taxed glasses, 45 per cent. taxed tinware, 35 per cent. taxed knives and forks and takes his 25 per cent. taxed fish, seasons it with 49 per cent. taxed salt and 50 per cent. taxed spices, sweetens his free tea or coffee with 80 per cent. taxed sugar, drinks it from a 60 per cent, taxed cup and makes his bread toothsome with 28 per cent. taxed molasses. Breakfast over, Farmer Piollet takes his 70 per cent. taxed pipe and his 100 per cent. taxed tobacco lighted with a 35 per cent. taxed match to soothe manufacturers?" To this Mr. Jarrett re-

disposes of his correspondence with 25 per cent. taxed paper, 25 per cent. taxed envelopes, 30 per cent. taxed ink and 40 per cent. taxed pen, and writes elaborately to his granger friends on politica and agricultural economies.

Farmer Piollet's 30 per cent. taxed clock finally admonishes him to superintend his outdoor operations. He has just threshed his wheat, bound with 35 per cent. taxed twine, on a 45 per cent. taxed machine; he bags it in 40 per cent. taxed bags, and he bales his hay for market in 35 per cent. taxed ties. He then hauls his produce with a team that is taxed from horsewhip to wheel and bed to the railway depot, where he employs a railway that has 60 per cent. taxed rails, 35 per cent. taxed cars, 102 per cent. taxed trucks and 35 per cent. taxed coal, and he emits a flood of granger eloquence against railways as he studies the tariff of treights. He passes his 25 per cent. cent, taxed bridge, all partly built by his earnings, and he is disturbed and confused because of the high railway taxes. This is the one tax he doesn't love, and he concludes to read up for a broadside against railways at the next granger gathering.

Farmer Piollet takes up the Times-the paper he always reads and seldom agrees with-printed on 20 per cent, taxed paper, with 25 per cent. taxed types, 30 per cent. taxed ink and 50 per cent. taxed machinery, and the clouds speedly pass from his face and smiles play upon his gently furrowed checks as he reads that his universal farmer taxes are multiplied to him by the blessing of extra taxes by the jute trust, the steel trust, the soap trust, the linseed oil trust, the envelope trut, the cordage trust, the paper-bag trust, the salt trust, the rubber trust, the crockery trust, the nail trust, the glass trust, the sugar trust, the lead trust, the lumber trust, all of which are the creation of high war-tariff taxes, and he smiles serenely as a bridesmaid as he contemplates the profusion of tax blessing this great free land showers upon the farmers. He rejoices that the blessings of farmer taxes never cease from the 35 per cent. taxed cradies and 40 per Think of the grand uniformity of cent. taxed disper of infancy to the 35 per Piollet reads of the Mills bill proposing farmers alone; they now want to reduce our 47 percent. taxes 7 per cent; to Hades with them, say I, Farmer Piollet."

POLITICAL BLACKMAIL.

Characteristic Role. One Joseph R. Robinson, who announces himself as the editor and proprietor of the Indianapolis Reporter-a paper that THE SENTI-NEL has never heard of-has written the following blackguard epistle to Mr. Thomas M. Osborne, a leading manufacturer of agricultural implements at Aubura, N. Y.:

OFFICE OF INDIANAPOLIS REPORTER, ! Indianapolis, Sept. 23, 1888.

fr. \_\_\_\_ President, \_\_\_ Manufacturing Company, N., Y. Sir-It is reported through a democratic - county source, that you, a former republican, will vote for Cleveland and Thurman. presume you are the son of the late (----), and in a measure represent the money that he acculinen; ties it around his 40 per cent. taxed | mulated from the sale of (his machinery) to the farmers of the western states, and every dollar that you inherit from the estate of (your father) came to you because of the protective policy of the government thrown around the farm products of the very farmers who, because of the government protection, were enabled to buy your father's manufactured machinery. If it is true that you will vote for free trade by supporting the democratic ticket, you are an unworthy son of a very respectable sire, and it is the biggest specimen of the mennest gaul that has come to the front so far in the campaign of 1888. The circulation and distribution of the Reporter is the largest of any newspaper published in the Union. The farmers of the Western states want to know, and they want the information at once, in regard to your position politically. They have no use for any of the pauper labor of England. You are the only man manufacturing farm implements in the United States who represent that danis a little unsettled he regulates it by a 40 gerous doctrine. The Reporter will be per cent, taxed draught of magnesia from pleased to hear from you, and will give you all necessary time to place yourself upon the record, and if an answer is not received in due time, the Reporter will consider that its present information is true and at once proceed to notify western farmers that farm machinery manufactured by your company is a representative of the most dangerous element to American prosperity, the destruction of northern industries for the purpose of bu"ding up southern powers backed by British influence and money,

and northern democratic dough-faced politicians. I am, sir, respectfully, Joseph R. Robinson, Editor and Proprietor Indianapolis Reporter.

Mr. Osborne sends this letter to the New York Post with a note, in which he says: I am entirely unacquainted with the person who wrote this letter, never heard of him before, and the attack is entirely unprovoked. Exactly why he should assume to drag me before his judgment-seat I cannot tell. I inclose it to you, thinking it may be of interest tective doctrine leads to, in exposing innocent people to such coarse and unpleasant at-

The Post, in commenting upon Robinson's

It will be well for Robinson to keep out of the jurisdiction of this state after writing such a letter, because he is liable to be indicted under the boycotting law. Aside from the gross impertinence and blackguardism of the performance, the political economy of Robinson's let-ter is most wonderful. He assumes that the agricultural classes of the United States, who sell plies and tools subject to a tariff tax of 47 per cent., are the real beneficiaries of the tariff, and that they will be so outraged by the goings on of Mr. Osborne that they will stop buying his machines at a word from Robinson of Indianapolis. Why have not the farmers of the West long since boycotted the McCormick works at Chicago and the Aultman & Taylor works at Mansfield, O., two nurseries of free trade far exceeding in importance those of Mr. Osborne at Auburn, N. Y.?

What John Jarett Swore To.

[Chicago News.] This Mr. Jarrett some time since gave remarkable testimony before the senate com mittee on the relations of labor and capital. Said Mr. Jarrett: "The wages paid the iron and steel workers (I refer to those which are connected with our organization) are, on the whole, tolerably fair. I claim that this condition is simply the result of organization among the workmen. \* \* As a rule, in such mills as are not controlled by our organization lower wages are paid. Of course there are all sorts of arguments used by the owners of these mills. They claim that the controlling influ-

ence whereby wages are governed in this country is the tariff, and they say they pay all the tariff guarantees them."

To the above he added that "such claim is all humbug;" that "it was the labor organization alone that compelled the employer to pay good wages." When recalled to a sense of the necessity of giving the protectionist role some small show by one of the committee, he finally

put in a strong plea for protection.

This, in turn, called out a few pertinent questions from Senator Call of Florida, who said: "I understand you to say, Mr. Jarrett, that but for the trades unions the benefits of the tariff would be absorbed wholly by the